

Never Trusted Herâ€|

by CharlotteL

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Summary: A/N: This was meant to be a single-shot but multiplied! AU story following the Good Wife canon, almost a sequel to 'Alicia, I think you need a friend.' An old adversary turns up with a surprising revelation from his clientâ€|

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*A/N: This was meant to be a single-shot but multiplied! AU story following the Good Wife canon, almost a sequel to 'Alicia, I think you need a friend.' An old adversary turns up with a surprising revelation from his clientâ€|\*\***

\_Good Day Sunshine\_ (The Beatles)

Chicago, March 2016

The doors of the elevator open onto the 28th floor of Lockhart, Agos and Lee. "Ah, good to be back," the lawyer chirped, swaying as he exited the elevator car and made his way to the reception desk. The receptionist looked up in surprise at the visitor and his client. She recognised him so had no need of the card he placed on the counter.

"Diane Lockhart," he said, "we don't have an appointment," he smiled at the woman now dialling Diane's number. He watched and listened to the short conversation between the receptionist and the named partner. "Ms Lockhart will come down to meet you," she said.

Diane replaced the handset in its cradle and, keeping her hand on top of it, audibly sighed before muttering to herself, "What else can happen today?" She let go of the telephone, placed her palms on her glass desk and pushed herself from her chair. She took a breath then exited her office, striding confidently down the corridor to reception.

Smiling she extended her hand to the lawyer, "Mr Canning, what brings you here?"

Louis shook her hand and gesticulated at his client, "This is my client, Ms Isabel Hewitt. I think it would be better if we went to your office Ms Lockhart."

"This way," she replied walking back the way she came, aware that a dozen pairs of eyes were watching her lead Canning and Will's ex-girlfriend to her domain.

Once inside her office, Diane offered the pair a seat and returned to her desk. Seating herself at her table gave her confidence and authority. She felt she might need it.

"Well, Mr Canning, how can I help you?"

"I'll let my client explain," he replied, turning to face Isabel.

Diane regarded the young woman with suspicion, taking a breath as she tilted her head back slightly to look down at her. Isabel took a paper from her purse and stared at it in her fingers. Diane noticed it was a photograph and her blood ran cold as she sensed a deep foreboding. She tensed herself as the woman opposite her put the picture down on the desk and pushed it towards her, "This is my son. Will Gardner is his father."

Diane shut her eyes and pushed her lips together in an attempt to control any emotion that she might divulge unwittingly to Canning and his client.

"Excuse me," Diane said to her guests and exited her office towards her assistant's desk. She walked to the office opposite hers, knocked on the glass door with an urgency before opening it and saying, "David, we need you."

David looked up, "Canning?" he asked.

"Mm-huh" Diane replied as she turned on her heel and headed back to her office.

David got up from behind his desk and walked the short distance to Diane's office – a journey that Will himself had made countless times. Entering the room, he extended a hand to Isabel, "David Lee, Head of Family Law, we have met," he said smiling suspiciously at her. She took his hand, "Yes, I remember you."

David turned away from Isabel and Louis, rolling his eyes at Diane as he approached to perch on the windowsill next to her desk.

"It's good to see you again David, got your feet back under the table here at, what is it now, Lockhart, Agos and Lee?" he questioned, seemingly enjoying himself being the harbinger of doom to the Dryden Building.

"Why am I here?" David asked, adding, "my time is valuable and it isn't worth spending on him," his comment alluded to Canning.

Canning smiled at David. "My client has an eighteen-month old child. We are suing the estate of the late William Paul Gardner for child maintenance, by which we intend to challenge his will andâ€|"

David interrupted, "Wait a minute, it is over a year since Will died, his last will and testament was filed with the Circuit Court Clerk's Office in 2014, it has been through probate and your child ma'am was not born then, nor was Will aware of his potential paternity. You cannot sue," he added, getting up and walking behind Diane.

Canning reached into his briefcase by his feet and removed a paper, "The will stated that, and I quote, 'in the absence of any issue, I hereby leave my partnership stake in Lockhart Gardner and any financial residue to Mrs Sara Atkinson (nee Gardner) and Ms Aubrey Gardner' â€" meaning that he would have left these items to any child he procreated."

Diane shook her head, "No, no, no, you can't. Will died without issue. His assets have been distributed. We haven't even discussed proof of paternity because we have no need." She felt herself getting angrier by the second and wished to rid herself of Canning and his, no doubt, lying bitch of a client.

"We are also suing the executor of Mr Gardner's estate for failing to determine the existence of rightful, legal heirs, in our case, his son, before filing the final probate account."

"Oh God," Diane exclaimed, taking her spectacles off and closing her eyes briefly.

"I understand you know the executor personally Ms Lockhart and also have a close relationship with one of the primary beneficiaries."

"Yes," Diane answered. "Have you been in touch with Will's family?" She asked, a lump in her throat as she thought of his sisters who were still grieving the loss of their only brother.

"No, not at present," Canning reassured her, "we wanted to present our case to you as the firm that handled his will and to the executor. He should be being served," Canning looked at his watch, "about now," he nodded.

Diane and David looked at each other. "Mr Canning," Diane began, "we need time to consider your application and speak to Mr Austen and others involved. We will be in touch regarding a DNA test, which we are certain your client will agree to," she stood up and lifted her head as she walked to the door, opening it for the lawyer and his client.

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A/N: So, this is just an introduction, I think it may run one or two chapters, just meant to be short. Let me know what you think. Alicia and Angela get involved nextâ€| along with another surprising revelation.

**\*\*A/N:** Thanks for the follows and comments, pleased to see you are enjoying it. As I said it was meant to be a one-off but I found I couldn't stop writing! It might run longer than I thought.\*\*

\_In Too Deep\_ (Genesis)

Chicago, March 2016

Diane closed the door and leant against it, looking at David Lee, "We need to move carefully here, even if she is lying, this could hurt a lot of people," she said quietly, still stunned by Isabel's revelation. She took a deep breath as she moved back to her desk. Sitting in her chair, she leant back, "What is our first move?"

David sat down in one of the oriental style chairs in front of her desk and took out his Bluetooth earpiece before beginning, "Well, we need to speak to David. He will need a lawyer," Diane nodded, David gestured at his own chest, "I will need a lawyer," he said, slightly exasperated, "but importantly we need that DNA test. I have contacts and can fast track one."

"Good," Diane nodded. "It is so unseemly, but we need to keep this quiet, involve as few people as possible."

"Yes," David agreed. Diane knew that for all his bluster and snarky exterior David Lee was a genuine friend, colleague and somebody who had cared about Will and was still shocked by his sudden death. She also knew that he valued the friendship of Will's most intimate confidante and would try to protect her as much as Will Gardner would have done.

"David will probably want you as his lawyer," David intimated at Diane. "Or one of his other friends," Diane added.

"No," David shook his head, "this involves Angela and he will want the best, and that is you," he said pointedly as he looked her directly in the eye. "Speak to him, but that is my guess."

"Yes," Diane sighed. "It will keep it close too." David nodded, "Now, I need a lawyer, but you cannot represent the two of us, so do we keep it in-house or go for external counsel?"

Diane fiddled with her fountain pen, "We need somebody we can trust."

"Who would Will choose? If we take you and David out of the equation, who would he trust with this?"

"Alicia. Will would trust Alicia," Diane replied swallowing hard. David nodded in agreement. "If you phone David, I'll get Alicia to come in here," he said as he stood up. "Don't worry Diane, we've all dealt with worse situations involving paternity, just think of Colin Sweeney," he chuckled as he left her office.

Diane looked up, Colin Sweeney, now that was somebody she could definitely do without! She steeled herself and picked up her telephone to call Angela's father.

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Ten minutes later Diane, Alicia and David Lee were sitting in Diane's office. The senior colleagues had explained the situation to Alicia.

"I can't believe it. Will has been dead for two years, why now?" She asked, unsure of what to believe.

"My guess is that she has fallen on hard times and is in need of money. Personally, I think her claim is false and she doesn't realise we can still test Will's DNA. As hard as it is to understand, I believe Canning is an innocent party in this. Isabel has spun him a lie and he believed it. Maybe he was inclined to believe it more because of our history."

"Hmm, I think you are right," Diane mused. "Will wasn't stupid to get himself into something like this with that woman."

"But it was a crazy time for him," David added, "he wasn't himself after Alicia and Cary left," he said, looking at the brunette seated next to him.

Alicia flicked her vision from side to side, unsure of where to look. She was acutely aware that she had hurt Will when she left Lockhart Gardner to form Florrick/Agos. The raw pain in Will's eyes when he swept into her office that morning was more than she could bear, even over two years later. She was also aware of the relationship he had with Isabel and how it was a reaction to her leaving the firm. She felt a knot in her stomach as she realised, at least on some level, that she was partly responsible for the current situation.

"That's true," Diane noted, remembering the days after everything hit the fan.

"Does Angela know?" Alicia asked after what seemed like forever.

"Her father has been served by Canning, so possibly, although when I spoke to David he had only just received the paperwork," Diane replied.

"Okay," Alicia nodded.

"How was he?" David asked.

"As you can imagine he was livid. Will's estate was straightforward but complicated somewhat by his share in the firm and various investments, but looking for suitable heirs was not really in his remit," Diane replied, fiddling with her spectacles. "He said Angela is coming to the end of a shift and he is out for dinner so won't see her until tonight. I said we would call her later."

Alicia nodded. "What about DNA testing? We'll need to get samples, swabs maybe, from Will's sisters," she added.

"I do not know if Will's family will agree to a test," Diane said. "They don't really have a lot to do with Chicago and I haven't seen them since just after Will died. I know Angela is friendly with Sara, but it will still be hard for them to take," she mused.

"We need them to, to either confirm or deny this woman's claim," Alicia added impatiently, "there's no other way."

"Could we get DNA from another source? Angela has lots of Will's things, maybe a shirt or a brush?" Diane looked pensive.

"Would a non-standard source be sufficient to prove he wasn't the father?" Alicia asked, turning to David.

David Lee had been quiet during the discussion between the two women. He was thinking about something only he knew outside of those involved. A secret that Will had essentially taken to his grave. This was the time to divulge the details, but it was not his secret to tell. "I think we should ask Angela. Shall I call her or will you?"

"I will," Alicia said, excusing herself to go to her office to make the phone call.

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Within the hour Angela Austen arrived at Lockhart, Agos and Lee. Diane met her off the elevator and hugged her, "I am so sorry this is happening," she whispered in her friend's ear. "Thanks," Angela managed weakly. "I knew this would happen to him sooner or later, I just didn't think he would have passed away," she added.

In an effort to lighten the mood Diane said, "I did tell him to keep his pants zipped," she chuckled. Angela smiled and pulled away from the older woman before saying, "Come on, let's see what the Dream Team have come up with!" They laughed quietly and walked towards Diane's office.

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"I didn't like her," David said shaking his head.

"You called her Yoko Ono!" Diane retorted.

"Yes, and I was right, look what she did to the Beatles! I know people think I am sneaky," he answered.

Diane snorted a little laugh, "No, David, no, no," she said sarcastically.

"Anyway, people think I am sneaky, but this is above me. I do not believe Will is the father of this child but I think Isabel has convinced Canning that he is, so that is why he is pursuing it. We just need to prove he is not the father and that will be it."

"We haven't considered that \_Will could be the father\_," Alicia interjected. Everyone looked at her.

"No," Diane shook her head, "he wouldn't be that stupid." David Lee shook his head in agreement with Diane.

"Angela?" Alicia questioned. The redhead had been very quiet. The whole day had been a blur and she felt like she had been thrown against a wall, much like she felt in the months after Will's death.

Angela looked down and twisted her cell phone in her hand, "It is possible as no method is 100% effective" she said finally, "but it would be a very, very small chance. I know at one point, Isabel said she wanted Will's baby, but didn't want him to be involved, he just scoffed and ignored it, he thought she was joking. In his mind, in his life, that was never a possibility."

Diane sat down, exhaling loudly. "But, surely, they," she paused, "especially Will, took precautions?"

"I know Isabel told him she was on hormonal oral contraception."

"The Pill," David confirmed.

"Yes," Angela agreed. "But, even if she wasn't taking it or forgot one day, Will still used condoms. Always," she emphasised.

"You sure?" Diane asked.

"Yes," she nodded, "it was part of our agreement, for want of a better word. Regardless of who we were sleeping with and their contraceptive arrangements, we always used condoms with other people. Meant we didn't have to with each other. Since our relationship was essentially a lifelong commitment, it was best and, was the safest option all round."

Alicia stirred in her seat and her notepad fell onto the floor, causing everyone to stare in her direction. "Sorry," she mumbled, a little distracted. She crossed her legs after retrieving it from the carpet and took a heavy breath. She was concerned over what Angela had just said. When she and Will were dating, she had an IUD so they didn't have any need for additional precautions. Had he lied to Angela? Surely he wouldn't have given their friendship?

Angela chuckled, "OK, we're all adults here and know what went on," she said turning to Alicia, "there were a couple of exceptions to the rule. You were one of them. He trusted you. There had to be trust and unwavering affection between both parties to warrant breaking such an important rule."

Alicia smiled weakly and felt herself redden. "Was the other exception Frank?" She asked.

"Yes," Angela nodded, "he was," smiling at her friend.

"This is all very lovely," David interrupted, "but where does it leave us on parentage? Remember I said she was sneaky and there is more than one way to skin a cat."

"Oh David, I don't think she would be as cunning as the former Mrs Sweeney," Diane pointed out.

"Why not?" He replied. "She could have taken a used prophylactic and extracted its contents."

Diane screwed her face, "Oh, that is vile, no, no," she shook her head at the thought of it.

"It's not impossible. I never trusted her and if she was determined enough to have Will father her child, then it is a straightforward method. She just couldn't have planned for Jeffrey Grant" her voice tailed off.

Alicia reached across from her seat and rubbed her hand up Angela's arm, who turned and smiled a thanks at her friend.

"We can question her motives and how the child was conceived later, for now we need to focus on determining if Will is the father," Diane said, staring at the three people sat in her office. "Angela, do you have a brush or toothbrush that might contain Will's DNA?"

Angela looked at the older woman, "Yes, his hairbrush is in the dresser. Also, some trace DNA will exist on some of his clothing," she replied. David looked at her, realising that she was pale, even for her and felt bad for what he was about to say. Leaning forward in his seat, he said quietly, looking at Angela, "There is another way." Shifting his gaze to the direction of the other women, he added, "We could test a perfect, uncontaminated sample of Will's DNA."

"How do you mean?" Diane looked puzzled.

Angela took a deep breath and turned to face them. "It is a bit of a long story," she said eventually.

"Okay," Diane replied a little unnerved.

Angela began, "Several years ago, just before you started here," she said turning to Alicia, "one of Will's basketball buddies, Jamie, developed testicular cancer."

"James Larroughby?" Diane questioned.

"Yes," Angela confirmed.

"He had to have surgery to remove the affected testicle and then undergo chemotherapy. He is fine now," she added quickly. "Now, although many men regain fertility after chemo for testicular cancer, it is not certain so he was advised to bank some sperm prior to his treatment. Although he was single and childless at the time, he decided to do it, just in case. As it turns out, he is now married and has a daughter. Will and I went to his wedding. Actually," she paused, "it was at Jamie's wedding that Jack Copeland served Will over a divorce case, remember him," she teased in Diane's direction.

"Oh, what is this?" David smirked.

"Nothing," Diane replied, "anyway you can't comment you were dressed as a pantomime dame!"

"I was in HMS Pinafore. It's Gilbert and Sullivan, much classier," he added trying to rebut Diane's claim.

"Anyway," Angela continued, "when the guys found out about Jamie's illness they wanted to do something to help, to do something useful beyond offering mere money to a fund."

"Uh-huh," Diane nodded. Alicia added, "That's nice, what happened?"



David got up and walked behind Diane's desk, "Oh please, just tell them!"

Angela shot him a glare and began again, "One of them found a clinic, a charity, that men could donate sperm to for the use of patients who had lost their fertility through cancer treatment. The men who used the facility were primarily men in their 30s and 40s who had overcome cancer in early life, many in childhood, and who didn't have the option to save sperm for later life, either through their need for treatment, young age or the lack of fertility centres way back then. I think the age range struck a chord with the legal collective too" it could be them and, at that time, was one of their own. Will and his friends, I think about twenty of them in total, donated sperm to the clinic and \$1000 each to help with treatment costs. They had to give three samples and that was really hard for Will as before each donation he had to abstain from sexual shenanigans for a period of time!" Everyone chuckled at that and Angela was pleased as it lightened the mood.

"So, we get the sample from this clinic?" Diane asked.

"No," David said, shaking his head, "that would require a court order. Angela, please continue."

Angela nodded. "The donations were all anonymous and who knows if any of Will's still exists. That is not what David is referring to about getting a good DNA sample." She rifled through her purse and pulled out a Kleenex to dab her eyes. "While they were planning this Will told me that he thought of banking some of his sperm separately, in case anything happened. Obviously, he wasn't thinking of what did happen, more if he got sick or had an accident that rendered him incapable of procreating."

"Mmm-huh," Diane bobbed her head, realising where the conversation was going.

"Will said that he thought it was a good idea and something that we could possibly use in the future if we ever got to the stage that we wanted to have a child together. Children had been discussed over the years and, at the time, neither of us was looking for a committed relationship and nor could we envisage really having children with anyone else. Although," she said turning to Alicia, "a few years down the line he probably would have jumped at the opportunity with you." Alicia gave a half smile and looked at her notes, not daring to meet either Angela's or Diane's eye.

"We had David draw up a legal agreement that stated that the only people who could use the sample were us together, as a couple, or, me alone. Will wanted that put in despite my pleas that I wouldn't have a child without him. He said that he could picture me raising a child without him but not the other way around. I reminded him my Dad was a single parent, but he rebuffed it, by stating that my Mom was around for my early years and anyway my Dad was much stronger and braver than he would ever be." She sniffed and took a deep breath, her eyes tearing up. "I think of that conversation often now and the irony that Will was shot trying to wrestle the gun from Jeffrey Grant and that took real strength and courage. Will Gardner died a hero and David Austen will simply die an old man," she cried and ran out of Diane's office, across the floor in front of her assistant's desk and through into David Lee's office, finding solace in his private

bathroom.

Watching her flee, David noted sarcastically, "Pleased I moved the hooker out earlier."

Alicia stood, "I'll check on her."

"Thank you," Diane replied.

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Alicia and Angela returned to Diane's office and the four of them continued to discuss the case.

The clause in Will's will was put in there because of this situation and the fact that," David paused, "there could have been a mini G running around somewhere in the future."

"Or the past," Diane added.

Alicia sighed. She thought about the time she could have been pregnant with Will's child during their affair. She felt herself blush as she remembered the leaked emails that mentioned her negative pregnancy test.

"Yes, who knows if Isabel is the only woman to come out of the woodwork," David commented.

"God, imagine being the woman who tells Will Gardner, "I'm pregnant!" Diane snorted. David laughed along with her. The two younger women looked away, but not before glancing at the pain in the other's eyes.

\*\*A/N: Let me know what you think and where you think it will go. Do you want to know what was said in the bathroom? Sorry this chapter was quite long. Please review.\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*A/N: I've been away so not had a chance to update. Here is a short update, as the conversation between Alicia and Angela is basically in two parts â€" more soon. \*\*

\_St Elmo's Fire (Man In Motion)\_(John Parr)

Chicago, March 2016

David Lee entered Diane's office and closed the door behind him. Diane looked up at him, giving a cautious, "Yes," as he sat down.

"I've spoken to the fertility clinic and Angela and I will go in tomorrow morning to sign some forms giving permission for one sample to be used for DNA testing. I will then co-ordinate with Louis Canning to ascertain a sample of both Isabel's and her son's DNA," he said.

"Dear God, I can't believe this is happening," Diane added, playing with the arms of her spectacles.

"Well," David began but was cut off by Diane saying, "Drink?"

He nodded and she turned to the cabinet behind her desk to remove a bottle of scotch and two glasses.

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Alicia bit her lip, pulling her bottom lip over her teeth and grasping it with her front teeth. She wasn't sure exactly why she was here or really what she was going to say. She took a deep breath and knocked on Angela's apartment door. There wasn't an immediate reaction or shout from inside, so she calmed herself into believing her friend was out. Then she heard soft padding from behind the door as Angela walked down the hall. She opened the door with a quiet, "Hey," standing aside to let Alicia enter.

"How are you doing?" the brunette asked.

Angela sighed, "Not great," she answered walking over to the couch. "You?"

Alicia gave a weak smile and followed her, "Not sure," she said as she set her purse on the floor. "It is a shock to have somebody come along now claiming Will fathered her child."

"Yeah," Angela agreed, "honestly, I think she is lying, especially after this long. If Will really was the father she would have come round straightaway. Just doesn't fit. Plus, yeah, nothing is 100%, but I, I, don't think Will would have let himself get into that situation. Especially with her."

Alicia nodded, "Yeah. He was in a bad place when he was with Isabel, but," she paused, "he wouldn't be careless."

"No," Angela shook her head in agreement. "Contraception and safe sex was something he was never careless with. He knew the consequences and wasn't prepared to take the risk."

Alicia began, "When Will and I were together there was a time when I thought I might have been pregnant." Angela nodded, thinking about the leaked emails from Alicia's SA run. "I wasn't," Alicia added, "but for a time I thought I could have been carrying Will's child," she smiled at the thought, "it would have been a scandal, who knows what it would have done to my kids, or Diane, or Will," her voice tailed off.

"He would have been thrilled," Angela smiled at her friend. "I take he didn't know?"

"No," Alicia shook her head, "a test was negative; and then we ended our relationship, so I didn't have any need to tell him."

Angela closed her eyes, "You should have told him."

"Maybe," Alicia sighed. "Anyway," she began, "When Diane said, 'Imagine being the woman who tells Will Gardner, 'I'm pregnant!'' I noticed your expression and the sadness in your eyes," she smiled at her friend, "maybe Diane did too."

Angela bit her bottom lip and looked away from Alicia, "Can't hide anything from you," she said, sighing gently as she got up to walk towards the scotch and poured herself one. "Want one?" she offered. Alicia nodded.

Angela handed Alicia a glass, saying, "I guess the flicker of recognition in your eyes was because of the pregnancy scare?"

"Yes," Alicia confirmed. "Something similar with you?"

"Not quite," Angela said, sitting down on the couch opposite her friend. Alicia stared at her and felt her heart quicken, as she ran scenarios through her head.

"Like you, I always take care of my own contraception, so usually have a contraceptive injection every few months. It is quick and you can forget about needing to take pills every day. I used to find taking them at the right time every day was a faff working shifts, so the long-term option was better. It also allowed for spontaneity in the bedroom, which, given the booty call relationship I had with Will, worked well," she smiled at Alicia, whose face flushed with colour.

"Go on," Alicia urged.

"This all happened years ago," she said waving her hand in the air, "I fainted at work and banged my head on the wall. After a period of observation, one of my colleagues called Will and he picked me up. He was really concerned."

"He always was when I was sick. Even at Georgetown, if I got as much as a sniffle, he would run to the drugstore to try to cure me!" Alicia laughed at her own words.

"Ah, yes. He would do anything to make you well again, scared something really bad would happen," Angela commented, smiling at Alicia.

"Anyway, back to you," Alicia nodded, taking a drink of the bourbon. She realised that her friend wanted, or more likely, needed to tell somebody.

"He had to work so he took me to the office and made me rest up on his couch. This was when Stern, Lockhart & Gardener was in its infancy, so Jonas was still around. He came in and told me I looked like shit and that Will should take better care of me!" She laughed. "This was after I'd only been in his care for about twenty minutes, I felt so bad for him, but keep bugging him about the 'poor care' he was giving me!" Alicia laughed with her friend. "Anyway, he had to go to court, so asked Diane to keep an eye on me. I just lay on his couch and slept a little. A while later Diane had a meeting so had to leave and she arranged a different babysitter. When Will came back, he found me sitting in Diane's office watching a film with David Lee, surrounded by kettle corn and hundreds of sweets!"

"The Candy Man!" Alicia joked.

Angela smiled, "Yes, David is often misunderstood, but he has always been my friend," she added quietly.

"Will took me home and stayed with me. He had been given a little card at the hospital about head injuries and kept referring to it. He also put on my lab coat and joked that he had upped the level of care!" The two women laughed before Angela continued, "In the morning I was sick and he was really worried, because as he kept saying, 'it is on the card â€" vomiting', so he stayed home from work to watch me," she paused, "\_like a hawk\_" she emphasised. "I wasn't allowed to do anything or he would have taken me straight back to the hospital."

"That's sweet," Alicia said. Angela nodded in agreement.

"He only left me in the afternoon because he had court and I felt and looked a lot better. However, he did keep texting me to check I was OK. I remember one message was, "\_Not dead yet?\_" They both laughed.

"He stayed with me that night too and in the morning I felt awful. I wasn't sick," she pointed out, "but I felt awful and looked really pale again. At that point, he started studying his little card again and told me that if I wasn't better by lunchtime he would take me to get checked out. I agreed and he went to work."

"Did you suspect anything? I know with my two I knew straight away, I had all the classic symptoms and my morning sickness was horrendous," Alicia asked.

"You think I should have done! But, I just put the sickness down to being under the weather, tired and Will's cooking! Apart from the sickness I didn't have any of the classic symptoms," she said shaking her head. "Will came back for lunch and asked me straight out if I could be pregnant."

"Wow!" Alicia gasped, "What did you say?"

"I told him it was possible, but I doubted it. I said if it would make him feel better I'd pick up a test at the hospital the following day, as I was adamant I was going back to work."

"What did he say to that?" Alicia was intrigued; she wanted to know how Will would react to a possible pregnancy.

"He didn't say anything. He pursed his lips together and bobbed his head before getting up and going towards his briefcase, from which he pulled a pregnancy test."

\_Flashback:\_

\_Will looked a little deflated, but rubbed his hand on Angela's leg as he got up from the couch. He crossed the room to where he had left his briefcase and pulled out a small box. Turning to Angela he said, "Well, wouldn't hurt to give it a go now!" chuckling like an excited kid at the zoo.\_

\_Angela laughed gently, "Okay, if it would make you happy." She stood and took the box from him and began to walk towards the bathroom. Will followed her, but she turned to say, "Erâ€" you can wait outside, there are some things we don't have to share," she smirked. Will nodded and sat on the bed while she took the test. \_

\_She came out and put the test stick on the dressing table, "Three minutes," she said before sitting next to him. Will instinctively grasped her hand in his. His palm was damp with nervous perspiration and he was shaking ever so slightly. She put her other hand on top of his, running circles across the top of his hand with her thumb. He sighed and turned to her, lifting her face towards his with his free hand and kissing her softly on the mouth. She responded and moved her hands to behind his back, running one hand up to his neck and mussing the hair at the back of his head. Will moved his hand from her face and down to her waist, moving her slowly backwards so they were lying on the bed. Caught in the moment, their nerves and fears melted away in the passionate embrace as they kissed and teased each other. Five minutes had passed and neither one wanted to move from their position on the bed. Angela was lying with her head on Will's chest. She could feel his heart beating fast through his clothing and fondled his tie, realising that her heart was probably beating a little too quickly too, however, it kept pace with Will's. Eventually, Will said, "Are you feeling brave?" Angela responded with a kiss. "Okay, guess that's a yes then," he said, sitting up. He reached forward and picked the test up, covering the little window with his hand so he didn't see the result. \_

\_Turning to face her, he said, "I never thought a child would be part of our life together, but if it is, I want you to know that I very much want it," he closed his eyes trying to fight the tears that were threatening to run down his face.\_

\_Angela brushed a tear away from his cheek and said, "I feel the same. Now I have the chance of something I didn't think I'd ever have, I very much want it," she said covering his hand that contained the test stick and squeezing it reassuringly. "And," she added, "I can't imagine being here with anyone else."\_

\_Will leant forward and kissed Angela before saying, "Okay," and pulling the stick from between their hands. He looked down at the plastic that held so many new hopes and fears in its message, "What does it mean?" He asked, uncertain of what the image was telling him.\_

\_Angela took a short breath and replied, "I guess we made a baby!" Will let out a deep sigh, a long breath he hadn't realised he was holding in, and collapsed backwards on the bed.\_

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Alicia laughed, "Wow, he knew you so well to ask and then to buy a test. I can't believe that he would really be that," she paused, "tuned in, thoughtful, I don't know," she fumbled her words, still in shock at Angela's revelation.

Angela smiled and looked down at her drink. "Yeah," she began, "that's why I keep saying that my Will was very different to the Will people saw in court or the Will people knew at SLG. I think at times you saw the real Will, think back, especially to Georgetown. And Diane did."

The brunette bit her lip and felt her heart quicken. She thought of their days at Law School and the little things Will did to make her laugh or cheer her up. She regretted not keeping in touch when she married Peter. In fact, if it wasn't for her children, she regretted

marrying Peter. From getting to know Angela over the past year, she was beginning to know more about Will and the Will she had fallen for over twenty years ago was coming back to her. Angela also offered insight into what her life might have been like if Will had been in her life when she lived in Highland Park. She was certain that she wouldn't have needed a glass of wine at 3pm. She leant forward, cradling her glass in her hands, "What happened?"

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\*\*A/N: So, what do you think? Please review and let me know.\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*A/N: This is the continuation of Alicia and Angela's talk from the previous chapter. Thanks for the reviews and follows. I might put in the bathroom talk later.\*\*

\_The Minute I Saw You \_(John Parr)

Chicago, March 2016

Angela took a large gulp of her bourbon before placing the glass on the coffee table. Standing up she said, "So, yeah, Will was no Doogie Howser," she chuckled, "but he understood biology and he knew what was normal for me, hence buying the test."

"Yeah," Alicia said sadly, looking down at her glass. "Do you think he suspected I was pregnant, during our affair?"

"I don't know." Angela answered, turning to her friend, "If he did, he didn't say. Probably not, because even though he was perceptive and studied you so closely, you maybe didn't spend enough time together for him to realize. Also, you \_weren't\_ pregnant, so no real changes to note. He was too busy just eyeing you up and down to be fair," she laughed a little.

"Yes," Alicia nodded, "that's true. If I had been, he would have noticed."

Angela nodded and smiled at the brunette, before walking down the corridor towards her bedroom. Alicia took a moment to think about her time with Will. Her mind strayed to their time at Georgetown, to late night pizza and beer over their law books. She had an image of his smile before her eyes, a smile that was always the same to her: loving and playful. He always said her smile lit up the room, but for her, the way he looked at her, lit up her heart. She smiled to herself and sighed. Again, over time, through Peter, putting her kids first and by setting up her own firm, she had lost him. In his last few days he had started to come back to her, but the chance to re-establish what they had was lost. She blinked back a tear as she recognised that she, like Angela, now only had her memories.

Angela came back into the room holding a photo frame. Alicia took a breath as she saw the image in the frame was of Will, a much younger Will, but a post-Georgetown Will: a Will she didn't know. It made her feel a pang of jealousy that Angela had shared so many years with him. Although she knew him first, she didn't have nearly as long with him.

Angela held up the frame and smiled, giving a little bob in Alicia's direction. She opened the back of the frame and took out two small photographs, handing one to Alicia. The lawyer looked down at the black and grey image in front of her; it was a print out of an ultrasound scan. "Our baby," Angela said quietly as she put the frame on the table and sat opposite Alicia. She kept hold of the second image and ran her fingers across the picture. "Will was really excited," she began, "shocked but excited."

"I bet!" Alicia replied.

"I still wasn't totally convinced we were having a baby, so I arranged a sonogram at work the following day. Will," she paused, "Will was shaking when we first saw the image on the screen. He just couldn't believe it. Well, neither of us could. But it was good. Neither of us ever regretted it or called the baby an accident or a mistake. It was always a surprise. A happy surprise." She picked up her glass and took a sip of the alcoholic liquid. "He kept this picture in his wallet," she gesticulated at the paper in her hand, "you can still see the fold," she chuckled.

Alicia smiled at her friend, urging her to continue. She was curious, but she knew that Angela might not be ready to tell the whole story.

"Nobody knew about the baby, not Diane, nor my Dad or anyone at the firm. We kept it quiet. The only person I ever told was my Grandma and even that was years later, just before she died. So the only people who were aware of our baby are both dead. It is nice to share it with somebody," she said looking at Alicia, "it has been a big burden to hold onto on my own since Will passed. I wanted to tell somebody about our baby, as it was so special to us, but after so long, I feared that those around at the time, like Diane, might be offended that we didn't share the news then. Getting to know you, somebody who also loved Will so much, has been very good for me and I want to share parts of our life with you, to hopefully fill in the gaps from Georgetown to the elevator."

"Thank you," Alicia replied, smiling at her friend. "What happened? If you don't mind me asking, as you don't have a child."

Angela put the glass down and fiddled with the picture again. "Everything was great for a few weeks. Will used to refer to the baby as 'Baby G'," she smiled as she remembered the time. "We had to go back for another ultrasound about a month later. Will was eager to tell Diane, but I made him wait until after the twelve week mark."

Alicia nodded in agreement, "Yes, I did the same when I was pregnant with Grace," she rolled her eyes, "it wasn't quite so easy to keep my pregnancy with Zach quiet." Angela added, "Yes, I'd heard about that," she said, giving a brief nod. "Anyway, I wanted to wait until we got past the critical first trimester, just in case," she said shifting a little in her seat.

"But," Alicia added, "things didn't go to plan?" she questioned.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "no they didn't." Angela closed her



eyes and opened them slowly, "To cut a long story short, when we went to the second ultrasound, there wasn't a heartbeat and it was found that the baby had stopped growing about two weeks before. It had died at around nine, ten weeks," she said calmly, swallowing hard.

"Oh God," Alicia said, tears forming in her eyes.

"Yeah," Angela said quietly. "I know all the statistics about miscarriage and, for all it is common, you never really expect it will happen to you. There is always a chance, so that was why I tried to hold Will back from telling people. I just couldn't cope with people's sympathy or explaining the situation if something went wrong. That was the only good thing â€" we hadn't told people â€" so I didn't have to suffer the sympathetic looks and hand-holding."

"I can't imagine what you two went through," Alicia began, "I am grateful I have never been in that situation."

Angela gave a weak smile, "I hope you never are."

"How did Will react?"

"He cried. I mean," she paused, "he really cried. Over the years I've seen him like that, maybe three times, when his Dad died, when we lost the babyâ€" her voice trailed off. "He said he felt lost, broken, he didn't know what to do, either for me or himself."

Alicia didn't know where to look; she looked down at her hands, across the room, out of the window. She couldn't look at Angela. She felt as lost as she imagined Will did. "Oh Angela, I really am so sorry," she said eventually, followed by a quiet, "Poor Will," as she wiped away a tear from her cheek. She noticed Angela was quietly wiping her own eyes. Alicia had not known Angela look quite as downcast, if anything she looked broken. Speaking about the loss of their child had reignited the pain of losing Will and reinforced to Angela that she was alone. Alicia stood and walked quietly over to her friend. She sat down beside her and put her arm around the redhead. "I can't do this now," Angela said, "sorry, I'll explain more later."

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Later that evening, the friends had refreshed their drinks and composed themselves a little.

"Did you consider actually trying for another child?"

"No, no we didn't. We hadn't tried for the first one, it was our little miracle, so we just continued as we had been. If we were blessed with the chance of a child again, then we would approach it in the same way."

Alicia shook her head, "I don't think Will would have done. He would have been so cautious you wouldn't have been able to do anything!" she smiled.

Angela chuckled, "Yeah, that's true."

"So, there was a history to storing his sperm for the future: to have the chance of another child, to be the family you couldn't be

earlier."

Bobbing her head from side to side, Angela replied, "In a way. Will was keen for us to always have the chance of a child, whether we ever did or not. In terms of a family, yes, that would have been great, but," she said shaking her head, "I don't think we would have ever married. That," she paused, "that was probably more me than Will." Alicia nodded, understanding her friends' complex relationship.

"I think another legacy of Baby G was in his work."

"Cases involving kids, particularly babies, really got to him," Alicia said quietly. Angela nodded, a breathy, "Yeah," escaping from her mouth.

Angela added, "He also didn't really engage with kids much, that was partly his way, but it was also a kind of personal shielding as he still felt the pain of losing our baby."

Alicia recalled the cases involving children she worked with Will. One that stuck in her mind was the Willoughby case. It was a particularly traumatic case and it was during the trial that she and Will first kissed. She realised now that the pent-up passion within them and the pain Will felt at being accused of playing craps with a child's life by Patti Nyholm, was enhanced by the trauma of losing his own baby, many years before.

"He never said," Alicia said softly. "Will never said he could have been a father."

"No," Angela responded, "as we didn't get to bring a baby into the world, we kept it as something special just between us. I'm sure you two had your own secrets, things that are so personal that nobody else will ever know."

"Yes," Alicia smiled, "we did."

\*\*A/N: I've left it here for now â€" there is scope for more Alicia/Angela discussion. We will pick up with David, Diane and the DNA testing next.\*\*

End  
file.